

## Misplaced Call

by TubbaMirum

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Summary: Ano has been feeling a bit left out lately, and a late night call to Nena offers her little respite. She decides to take things into her own hands, but her forgetful nature is bound to bite her eventually... Contains spoilers seven graphs in.

R-18.

## Misplaced Call

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"Just sounds like you have to get your mind off things, Ano. I'm heading to sleep!"

Nena's voice resonated off the other end of the line, a cold chill vibrating down my spine as our conversation came to a premature end.

"W-wait, Nena I wasn't done," I murmured into my cellphone, my words hanging suspended over the air and never getting an answer. "Hah! I guess I'll have to try."

With that I tossed my phone to the side of my bed and collapsed against the same, sighing and staring at the ceiling through my glasses. I hadn't really been able to open up everything I could to her, but I was still hoping to get a better answer than this.

Lately, things hadn't been going as well for me as they could stand to. As soon as the bunch of us got back from the school trip to Hokkaido we were immediately assaulted with papers and exams that I'm convinced even Yuna was unable to handle without some stress.

It would be one thing to be assaulted by such a thing under normal circumstances, but these have hardly been normal circumstances. Rather, more like extraordinary circumstances really.

I already knew that Yuna and Hina had started dating. Yuna herself told me all about Hina's confession and her struggles to respond to it on a study night almost more than a month ago. From my reaction, you would have thought \_I\_ was the one who had been confessed to.

That thought never once was absent from my mind longer than a day between then and now, and it's what's been bothering me lately. I may not always look it, but I really am just shy and nervous underneath the cheerful, cute-type persona I've managed to craft for myself.

I tried to justify for a long time that I was just dwelling on the embarrassment of revealing my knowledge of the rooftop spirits to Yuna when that hadn't really been her concern, but my mind was changed during that week in Hokkaido.

It was cold, naturally given it was Hokkaido in \_winter\_, and the ground all around our lodging was blindingly white from fresh snows. It was actually a bit of a fun trip while I could let myself be lost in the moment. The supposed "five-day" trip was actually four days given the first was spent overnight on the train, but it was actually pretty interesting being in and sleeping on a train with beds.

This time was spent with Yuna of course. It was the most convenient thing to do, or at least that was what both of us decided the case was leading up into the trip. I don't know why we would have decided any differently either given how I was still the same old wise-cracking Ano with Yuna as I usually was.

That night in the cabin dispelled any belief I had that my thoughts towards Yuna were benign.

She fell asleep long before I did, leaving me to my cellphone texting Nena in the adjacent cabin (since it was still past lights out and we couldn't between cabins excluding bathroom visits) and my DS. I wasn't able to put my mind to either of these tasks once a passing light caught my attention.

This inconvenient light illuminated the sleeping Yuna's for a brief moment andâ€¦ Well, I nearly jumped with surprise when I realized afterward that I had been staring blankly for minutes, the sound of my game through headphones becoming an inappropriate backing trackâ€¦

I shouldn't have done anything after that, but there was some great temptation that rose inside me and compelled me to crawl out of bed and kneel by Yuna's bedside.

I stared, even as every fiber of my being protested this surprising instinct.

Yuna's sleeping face was adorable, and I was completely captivated by the soft smile she wore.

I never caught myself stopping until the morning bells rang throughout the train, signifying our arrival in Sapporo and the start of our week. I never did crawl back into bed that night, and it was a miracle that Yuna didn't awake before I was able to gather myself and start going. She suspected nothing.

Unfortunately for me, sleeping out of bed as we passed through Hokkaido meant only one thing. The first day saw me catch a mild but nevertheless depressing cold.

Worse still, I was and still am tortured by the thoughts. Just what had I done there? Wasn't I about to do something crazy? What if Yuna caught me? Why would I do this knowing everything I knew?

These questions only became worse as the week in Hokkaido passed and my feelings came into focus.

I was at least able to excuse some of my professional-tier Yuna avoidance methods to my ill-timed cold, but when that passed its worse phase there was nowhere left for me to escape to.

I stared at Yuna because I'd seen what had happened with her since she began dating her childhood friend, and now I was starting to feel a desire of my own. I thought at first it was simply that I'd fallen in love with Yuna, but the more I thought of it, the worse I felt about the possibility.

There was also the fact that I wasn't convinced that was the reason. I didn't realize it until almost a week later when the radio club trio stopped by during one of our often unproductive project meet-ups.

It was seeing another group as close as that that put my thoughts into real perspective.

I did love Yuna, but that wasn't what was bothering me. What bothered me were the thoughts that came along every time I thought of her relationship with Hina.

"Why can't I have that myself?"

The question I finally asked myself last night put my thoughts into perspective.

I was, and still am jealous of her and them, and it's been stressing me out beyond belief.

\* \* \*

><p>That brings me to the problem at hand. Given we've had so many big papers and projects to do since the trip, there's been a great need to be productive lately.<p>

Unfortunately for the both of us (but mostly me), I can't really focus on anything when I'm stressed. At least, I can't focus on doing anything productive, thus inlying the current issue and my call to Nena.

I already don't remember most of what we talked about, but her parting words linger in my head.

"I just need to get my mind off things?" I ask wistfully to the air before suddenly groaning and leaning forward in a huff.

"Geeez~! Thanks a lot for saying something so obvious Nena!" I

murmur to myself, clutching my knees and shaking a bit. What good is that advice if it's something I've been telling myself since this has been a problem?

Stressed out and unable to workâ€¦ You really know how to pick and choose the wrong moments to be helpful sometimesâ€¦

I've already given up on getting anything useful done the rest of the night, but try as I might I just can't get myself to sleep right now. Really, it's almost as if those damn words she'd left me withâ€¦

"Get my mind off thingsâ€¦" I say again, repeating with even less flare than I'd used the first time.

Why for the love of all that's good and ironic, can I not get my mind off \_this\_ statement?

Was there some kind of hidden intent in that when she said it? Nena is already hard enough to read fully when you're with her face to face given her only common facial expression is lethargy incarnate, so naturally this is made worse without a face to base your reactions off of.

"This is too muchâ€¦" I roll over, rocking my bed side to side as I try to think of something, anything that I can build off of our impromptu conversation.

Then suddenly, a curious thought rocks me and I freeze in place. Was that right, what I just had go through my cerebral cortex? Stress relief takes a lot of shapes, after allâ€¦

Wait, what am I really thinking about here?!

It's all I can do to keep my heart from bounding out of my chest, or at least that's what I'm feeling right nowâ€¦ But I can't deny the strange leap I've just madeâ€¦ Actually, calling it strange would be inaccurate.

"But something like thatâ€¦" I murmur to myself again as Yuna immediately flashes before my mind again. The thought of her sleeping face, the thought of Hina being able to see that all the time, and the reverseâ€¦

"We have a problemâ€¦ Houston..?" I don't know why I need to make a shoddy reference when I'm the only person around, but it seems to happen anyway.

It's not like I've said something inaccurate. I've gone and gotten myself excited all of a sudden, and now it's becoming a real problem. If I was struggling to sleep before, then now I'm just going to be up all night!

"I couldn't do something like that thoughâ€¦" I murmur, defeated and taking a look at my phone again. I tend to hide things well, but something as sketchy asâ€¦ I can't even finish my own thought now it's this unbelievably embarrassing!

I look at Nena's number where the call ended, frowning. It's not her fault at all, so I feel a bit bad for blaming her during my current

irrational thought process. Still, could it be she was actually getting at this when she said what she did?

"M-maybeâ€|" She might have a point. Now that I think about it, I've never been one to shy away from an activity like this. It's only now that I've not given myself such a treatment in months that I'm completely hung up on how wrong it could be.

I put my phone down, not bothering to shut it down for now. The screen should turn off on its own in about a minute anyway, but there's something more important to do.

Taking a deep breath, I close my eyes and curl inward, covering myself in blankets. It's been a while but it's a bit hard to forget the process itself given how simple it is.

A hand traces along your own form, first over clothing to mount your own anticipation and work you further into the right moodâ€| A moment later it begins to focus on the broad places surroundings sensitive spots, the breasts, the stomach, something the neckâ€|

Then there are the legs. They're trembling right now as my mind wanders. Yuna's face comes to mind again, laying there looking serene and tranquil.

I stand there, staring dumbly, creepily, yet even acknowledging this I can't stop myself anymore. I want to touch her. I need to imagine that the two of us are intimate.

Yuna doesn't remain perched on the throne of my fantasies forever as I start to lift my top, biting my lip and feeling my eyes widen when I realize just how stiff my nipples have become. I start to roll over them, breathing cool, calm air down into my cleavage as I struggle to contain my trembling.

"Mmmâ€|" I murmur, nodding as the feeling becomes a bit addicting. I've never felt too sexually sensitive in my chest, but to say I'm immune to the effect would be untrue.

I'm such a damned pervert doing this, but I think Nena had a point. Even as I try to convince myself of how wrong this is, I can't stop myself from feeling good. At least in this moment, it's making me far less concerned about my jealous stress.

"Hinaâ€|" I blush, taking off my glasses after my own voice catches me by surprise. It's the two of them I can't stop thinking about, my mind mentally undressing them and putting them into all sorts of lewd scenarios while I play the voyeur, satisfying myself to the sight of themâ€|

Is it not strange that even in my delusions I'm serving as the third wheel? The thought depresses me for a minute, and I have to cease the rubbing, my panting the only noise in the ambient light of my room.

"Nenaâ€| You idiot," I murmur under my breath, the heat of the moment capturing me again and my hands going over my body once more, my state of dress becoming increasingly disheveled. I have another distraction now. "Getting me all like thisâ€| Nenaâ€|"

I can't stop anymore as I rush my hands towards where the uncomfortable warmth is most pressing, one rubbing at my stomach while the other reaches to my quivering center.

"Wet," I murmur, nodding without surprise as I lift my bottoms and panties a bit off and then down my legs, the warmth of the blanket still too premature to prevent a light rush of cool to my womanhood. "It's warmâ€¦ Ahhhâ€¦ Nenaâ€¦"

Now that I've brought her back into my head, I suddenly can't stop thinking about her. It's so strange, and it's embarrassing that I'm such a mess right now, but there's only one thing driving me now: lust.

I begin to touch tentatively at the engorged flesh between my legs, gasping as the wetness starts to trickle onto my fingers and jolts of confused pleasure rock through my nerves. I press my free hand against my stomach, a strong-armed pressure as some kind of perverted self-punishment.

"Nena..!" I gasp, my eyes bolting shut as a wayward brush sends a twitch throughout my body. Rather than try to recover, I immediately resume the action, my voice beginning to fill the room with moans that only partly conceal the dirty squelching of my wet center.

I can't get her out of my head now. The more embarrassed I feel about it, the hotter I get and the more I need to touch and rub, to make myself feel good. This leads to louder noises, and thus more embarrassment; the vicious cycle continuing to mount as I work a furious pace.

"I-I can'tâ€¦ It's too muchâ€¦" I murmur as the pressure mounts. I've forgotten the names now and can only focus on my own stilted, excited breathing as I can feel itâ€¦ The climaxâ€¦

"H-hyaaa! A-ahhâ€¦ Mmmâ€¦" I gasp suddenly as orgasm comes to me, my back arching backwards as the pitch black of my closed eyes suddenly burns a bright white. When I come down from my high, I see the details of my dimly-lit room even blurrier than I normally would without glasses.

"Tiredâ€¦" I murmur, quivering as thoughts of cleaning up and re-clothing myself disappear in favor of rest. It seems my perverted leap in logic might have had merit after all.

I have to give Nena some credit here too, at leastâ€¦

\* \* \*

><p>I don't know yet what I've forgotten today but I'm absolutely certain it's ridiculously important. The project I've been collaborating with Yuna on doesn't count since I can't exactly forget work I deliberately decided I couldn't do, but this sinking suspicion won't leave me now.<p>

As a positive, I feel a lot better this morning than I had before, and I'm fairly convinced now that I can actually be productive for a change. I don't think anybody will be more appreciative of that than Yuna, and yetâ€¦

What I did last night might have been necessary to some extent, but I feel no less ashamed about it. It's not that I won't be able to hide this along with the countless other things I've held inside my entire life, but I can't shake the sensation that I'm not anywhere near being done with this problem.

Classes pass easily enough, and Yuna thankfully and certainly doesn't seem to notice anything off about my behavior. I wasn't exactly convinced myself.

"Work day, right?" She asks quietly as we both pack up after class.

"Yeah. Sorry again I didn't get much done last night, Yuna! I guess I'm just struggling to think of anything useful!" I joke a bit, Yuna giving that trademark demure look of apathy she specializes in.

"Well, we still have another week on the deadline. Just don't push it off completely." She answers.

"Of course, of course!" I grin a little deviously and cover my mouth before continuing. "Wouldn't want to force the great Yuna do everything for me!" There's a sudden loud buzzing against my leg, and it nearly shocks me out of my skin. It seems I'm still a bit on edge after all.

"Wanna talk." Nena's name and number accompany the simple message as I look down with some confusion written into my face. Yuna has caught on to it, it seems.

"Something wrong, Ano?" She really does look cool when she says something so laced with concern without belying much in her facial expression.

"A-ah, not that I can tell! Nena wants to talk though, so I guess I'll go before work!" I smile and brighten up a bit despite the sinking stone in my gut becoming all the heavier.

"Ah, well alright. I'll catch you around then, Ano." Yuna offers a light smile before I finally leave the room, not in a particular rush nor too held back in pace. I hope like hell I look a little relaxed.

Surprisingly, Nena isn't in her room when I check, but she probably hasn't gotten too far.

Or I could just text her back and find out that way.

"Where?" I type in a rush, hanging around outside the room for an answer. Happily enough, it arrives just a few moments later.

"Radio room."

Turns out it was my second guess after all. I suppose Umi and Sasa might be there too.

Oh no, they better not be planning to interview me.

"I have my job." I hastily text back even though my legs are

automatically carrying me to the designated location.

I don't get a text back for some time, arriving at the door to the radio club room shortly afterward and my nerves suddenly mounting up again. Why did I walk all the way here if I might have to bolt away from an unwanted interview? I hate being the center of attentionâ€¦

"It'll be quick, just us." I look down as my phone vibrates again in my hand.

Something about the text however is making me even more apprehensive than usual about what's about to happen. I guess this is what happens when you have a mind that can dwell on things like this.

There's only way to find out what Nena wants, and that's to go inside and ask her. Swallowing, I reach forward, opening the door and stepping inside.

"Nena~! You're not about to drag me into some interview right?" I call inside with more nerves than my usual cheerful voice can manage without being derailed a bit.

I don't get an answer for a moment, however. Nena is standing across the room from me, looking at me dead-on. Her usual angles aren't present, and she seems to be wearing a slightly different demeanor than her usual quirky, constantly tired persona.

"Nena?" I ask to break the silence.

Nena doesn't jump too noticeably, but the widening of her eyes is visible from a few meters away.

"Yeahâ€¦" She says quietly into the air, the atmosphere suddenly becoming almost too awkward to bear even as she closes the distance between us.

"W-what's up?" I blink, averting my gaze. This doesn't seem like "just a talk" at all. I've never really seen Nena get like this before, and I'm certainly not acting normally myself by nowâ€¦

Nena finishes walking up to me and it's only now that I can tell what's so off about her expression.

She's frowning. In fact Miyama Nena looks as close to absolutely livid as I've seen her in a while.

"You're an idiot, Anoâ€¦" She murmurs, unable to keep that terrifying gaze trained on me as confusion spreads throughout my thought process.

"W-wait, what am I an idiot for? Did I do something..? D-did I forgetâ€¦"

She cuts me off with her glare before taking a deep breath. Suddenly the angry demeanor has dissipated into something decidedly more Nena-like, though the atmosphere is still a bit tense.

"Yeah, you did. What kind of idiot forgets they have an ongoing call while they're doing somethingâ€¦ Like that?" Nena pauses, apparently



as afraid to say the exact words as I would be.

Now is about the point in time where my cheeks should be lighting up like a candle onâ€" Oh! There it is. I must be positively glowing red right nowâ€"

Please somebody make this stop. I can't feel my face right now, much less want to show it to anybody, and of course the worst person to have to show it to is standing here right now.

"You heard..?" I swallow, finally breaking the silence for fear my embarrassment will collapse into a singularity and I'll collapse.

Nena just nods, not entertaining me with eye contact for now.

I don't think I can handle this anymore. Everything I see is red, and my cheeks must be bright like cherries right now. The longer I dwell on it, the worse the situation I've walked myself into gets.

And then I remember.

"Nenaâ€"

 The me from last night echoes in my head, somehow making my flustered voice sound like a devious tease.

My knees hobble and my mind goes blank as the full weight of what's happening sets in.

I guess I'll be missing work today. I'm sorry for making you get me to the nurse's office too, Nena.

\*\*\_Thud.\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>It's probably awfully unwise of me to start my foray into this series with such an unnecessarily smutty story, but I knew what I wanted to write going in. I hope you've enjoyed it, and I hope I've come anywhere close to capturing Ano's personality here!<p>

If you think this was a steaming pile of baloney, please don't hesitate to let me know. (This is Tubbaspeak for "Please R+R")

End  
file.